

Letters From Mike

Number One. San Francisco. Da Mishun.



Introduction

Hello. Letters from Mike ^{is} named due to regular appearance of letters in these pgs. ~~the very least~~ of which ~~will~~ will be from my friend Mike). Pablo, I collect photos of people I don't know. Specially like ones from before 1967. I'll get awkward crushes, don't drive, and ate my super-curly hair. Everything is by me except where it's not. Those places There will probably be some kind of credits. This is a pointless introduction because, chances are, the only people reading this are people I know. Stupid fuckin' life. I like your shoes. I accept submissions, comments, criticisms, ~~and~~ mail art, POSTCARDS + LETTERS. If you send me a good postcard it will be printed in here, I promise. I hope you like this. (Why did I say that?) Write to

Pablo d. Rock Afucker
68 Arnold Ave.
SF, CA 94110

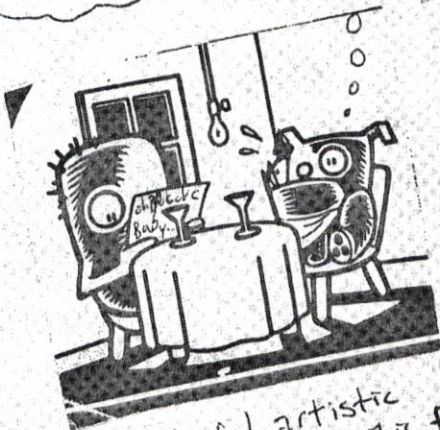


Until next issue (which will include stuff by Jason Bean, Chris from K, L or M, Antonio Dogma, more from Gabrielle, and lots of sentences. - Pablo.



he "oh Colic Baby..." mini-magazine
is a necessary staple in the reading
diet of any member of the modern
day bustling metropolis. Appropriate
for (among other situations):
ちあらは. じゅじゅ 22 *

How I wish I could read so
I may enjoy "oh Colic Baby"
Art. Art. Bark Art.
Drool.



Imagine a wonderful, artistic
epitaph of the reading of this fine
publication, and not this meaningless
publication. (with apologies to Chris Ware - genius of

- Arride to the grocery store.
- The daily commute.
- In a line @ the bank.
- During Sunday Service.
- While shopping in "hip" neighborhoods.
- Braving the Tundra.
- On the job.
- Listening to the radio.
- Your 'honeymoon night'.
- In the hospital.
- After dinner.
- Whilst defrauding the elderly.
- While trying to score crack.

Σ Λ Ω ς ε ζ η θ ρ σ τ

I had to get up early to
visit Jason in jail. In Oak

hair not
this spiky.

my shoulders
are at this
bread.



not
pink
happy

town. I was very tired
because of this.



Jason's clothes were
red and pink. He
had pink underwear
they were
too big on Jason



I went to Erika's to help
move boxes.



helmet?

I feel asleep on her
floor. I ate a power bar.

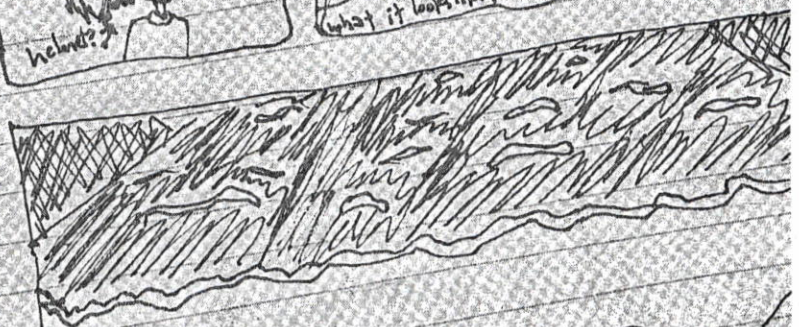


what it looks like when I sleep

I stopped at my mom
and read zines at



King Kat Com



then I went to the beach & watched the ocean.
felt asleep there. I spent the whole day alone
okay... I do with I had some wine, though

~~I should've bought expensive wine~~

I rode the bus and
bottle of

I rode the bus all the way across town to her house, picking up a bottle of cheap red wine on the way. When I rang the doorbell, I told her I hoped she didn't answer the door. I was really calling him because I needed to use the phone to call her ex. I was really calling him because I knew that was the only way to trick her into coming along, not because he is one of my best friends. I told him to meet me on the Marin side of the golden gate, making sure she was within earshot. I told her to cancel whatever plans she had that day. If I took her first, everything was sweet. My plan was working, but not in the way we were late and it was getting colder, so I took them straight to the cave and told stories and bad jokes. I made them wake into the water and got all of our pants wet. She said she was glad she came. I said I was glad she came too. I drew a heart on one hand & no love! on the other. Then did the same to them. I hoped.



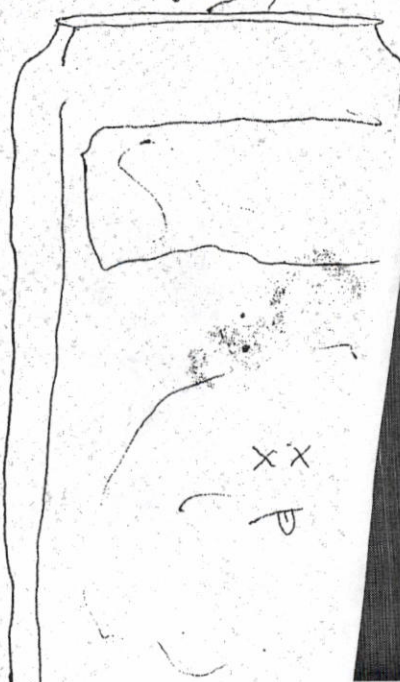
of

Schmidt + *

I've had enough
→ your

So long

August
Last
page



INTRODUCTION and comment

Welcome, young, old, and those in mid-life crisis. The painfully crude drawing below is a rendering by the artist, of the artist. This is him stuck in Seattle, smelling of crushed hopes, stale dreams, and unwashed socks. As the first issue of "oh ~~colic~~ ~~colic~~



"Baby..." debuts, much history is made.

This issue took approx. 72 hours to push out - incidentally, just as many hours it took the author's mother to eject him.

And so... the first issue of the forthcoming literary (classic) mini-magazine screams and cries its messages & slogans like (you guessed it) a ~~colic~~ ~~colic~~ babe.

Many Thanks go to the wonderfully gifted asshole who took it upon themselves to thieve my "Rad-ass-backpack" (Retail: 119.00 + tax) and all its irreplaceable contents (6 months writing, unfinished zine, etc.).



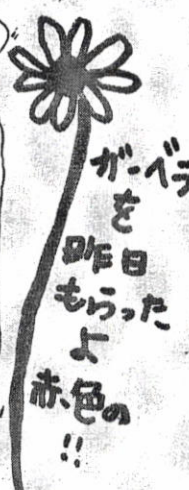
"The Asshole of Portland"

From the author: Thank for inspiring me to do a more well put together zine, and know that I (the author) will excessively murder you, shall we ever cross paths.

October 6, 1998 A.C.E.



"The Rad-ass backpack"



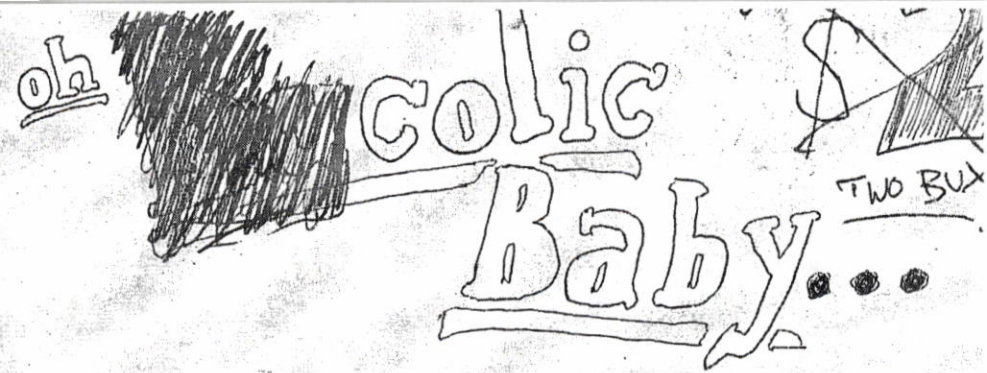
Apartment Buildings, Residential Hotels, & Squats I'd like to live in.

- 3116 16st. @ Valencia - Nice small Apts.
- The Norma Hotel on Mission btwn. 23rd + 22nd. (almost named after my mom - Nora!)
- Valencia Hotel - \$300/month last I heard!
- The Burned-out video store on Mission.
- That huge building downtown (3rd + Mission) that was a squat years ago.
- Beauty Bar (after I fire-bomb it).
- A storefront just like the SQM house @ 208 Valencia
- Anywhere with a girl who liked me.
- The Apartments housed in the same building as the evil Masonic Temple on Mission next to Walgreens.
- My old apartment @ 25th and Capp - 1032a Capp St. (The House That Spice Built!)
- This really creepy Hotel in North Beach that seems like a setting from a Bukowski story or the Burroughs novel "Junky". I heard they don't charge much either.
- The Mission Library, but they finished renovations so that's out of the question.
- The super-pretty house on Noe near Duboce with the crumbling foundation.
- Mission Records
- The BART Tunnels btwn. 24th st + 16th st.
- Project Antaud @ 17th + Alabama. Cheap Rents, real art, no noise restrictions.
- Your backyard, couch, pantry, etc. WRITE ME!

11/11 Koala Propaganda by Me and
Rco (of Superfruit comics fame). We also
petitioned SF State University Students.

For decades there has been a treetop menace that threatens the very fabric of our society. Eucalyptus Junkies, disguised as cute little zoo animals. You may know these deviants as Koalas. What you might know about these cuddly criminals is that they are marsupials (marsupials have a long history of evolutionary law breaking), they come originally from Australia (a country colonized by criminals and villains of the most heinous assortment, British ones at that!), and that people are often lulled into a false sense of security by their downy fur and wily ways. What you may not know is that Koalas subsist on a diet composed entirely of EUCALYPTUS (aka Koala Krack). This deceptively sweet smelling leaf is a strong psychoactive hallucinogen; these Koalas are higher than a Rastafarian in Zion. We at K.A.R.E. (Koalas Are Ruining Everything) represent perhaps the last line of defense against this mammalian delinquency. Help us rid the zoos and Australia (even though they talk funny) of this marsupial menace. Do your part, sign the damn petition.

- Fact: Dozens of deaths occur every year due to koala intoxication!
- Fact: Koalas breathe oxygen, oxygen you and other upright citizens could be using!
- Fact: These hippies of the marsupial world are threatening our way of life!
- Fact: It is a sad thing that Australia was colonized by criminals!
- Fact: There has been a 23% increase in violent crime since the arrival of koalas in California zoos!
- Fact: 1 in 3 koalas might snatch your purse!
- Fact: A koala cult outside of Melbourne has been kidnapping small, innocent aborigine children, and indoctrinating them with pro-eucalyptus propaganda, leading them down a path of sin & vice!



ARE SELF CONSCIOUSLY STUPID. ON THE NIGHT I MET
COREY WE TALKED UNTIL 6AM AND I LEFT TO
TAKE BART HOME, NEVER SAW HER AGAIN. IT'S
OKAY, THOUGH, Y'KNOW, BECAUSE I FOUND OUT THE
HOUSE WE WERE AT WAS HER + HER BOYFRIENDS.
THEY'D BEEN TOGETHER FOR SIX YEARS. I SPENT
THE WHOLE NIGHT I MET COREY WAITING FOR
AN OPPORTUNITY TO DANCE WITH HER, WHEN THAT
OPPORTUNITY CAME I WAS EXHAUSTED FROM A
MIX OF ALCOHOL + DANCING. I LOOKED STUPID
AND UNIMPRESSIVE, SO I'M WARY OF GIRLS
NAMED "KORREE."

PEOPLE DON'T APPRECIATE HOW ROMANTIC IT IS TO
THROW PEBBLES AT WINDOWS. IT MAKES ME WANT
TO GET RID OF DOORBELLS. AND GIRLS DON'T
MAKE PASSES AT GUYS WHO WEAR GLASSES (TO
STEAL FROM DOROTHY PARKER).

biologically, it tells you to seek
another, more dynamic completion beyond
the completion you've just accomplished. In
accepting this as your special prize, you
agree not to be satisfied with the achieve-
ments you've just had. You consider great only
a short time ago.

LOOKING FOR WABI,
BUT TIME IS BA.
Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18): The Japanese
have a word, *wabi*, that I'd like to apply to
you now. It refers to a captivating work of art
with a distinctive, beautiful flaw that
embodies the idiosyncratic humanity of its
creator. An aqua groove in an otherwise
perfectly green ceramic pot may give it *wabi*.
A skilled blues singer who intentionally
wails out of pitch for a moment may be
demonstrating *wabi*. *Wabi* is rooted in the
idea that perfection is a kind of death. You,
my soulfully imperfect friend, are full of
wabi right now.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20): If I thought
you'd heed me, I'd advise you to stay out of
all buildings this week. I'd suggest you put
on a bear-claw necklace and go stalk.

Open house draws underwear bandit

ASSOCIATED PRESS

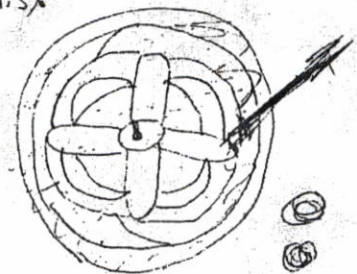
PETALUMA — A Petaluma man who slipped into a woman's bedroom during a realty open house was arrested Sunday when a real estate agent caught him stealing panties from the owner's lingerie drawer.

The agent discovered Andrew Ringseth, 35, inside a bedroom closet in the home with several items of lingerie in his hands, said Petaluma Police Sgt. Tim Lyons.

Ringseth admitted entering the house with the intention of steal-

Dear Pablo,

I had a weird dream
last night about a slobbery
pit bull, his owner, + moving,
and also a record that had weird
grooves (sort of like this)
so that the needle
moved around a lot,
+ the record would
never sound the
same twice (sort
of like a story).
Then, when I woke
up, I popped my
knee out of my
socket. While debating whether or
not to call an ambulance (it really
fucking hurt) I wobbled around on the
bed + tried unsuccessfully to get up.
Finally, I called up Justin (he lives
in the next room over) + he helped
me put my leg back together.



- In other news, the Scummin'
Utters are playing tonight with some
Boston thing/skinhead buns. I'm playing
that I won't get in) stinky butt kicked
Also, all my stuff was lost by
our wonderful U.S. Postal service.

TWO DIFFERENT GIRLS IN ONE YEAR, BOTH WITH THE SAME NAME, DIFFERENT SPELLINGS. COREY AND CORYE. I WAS IN LOVE BOTH TIMES. WELL, NOT IN LOVE, MORE LIKE A BLINDINGLY LARGE CRUSH. THE KIND WHERE THE THINGS YOU SAY

I DON'T FEAR DEATH. I NEVER FEEL COMPLETELY COMFORTABLE. I CANNOT EVER SLEEP AT MY MOTHER'S HOUSE WITHOUT GETTING HEART-BURN. I CAN BE EGOTISTICAL, BUT I NEVER REALLY LIKE MYSELF. I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE ANXIETY COMES FROM. MY BEST GUESS IS FROM A FEAR OF FAILURE. I FEAR THAT I WILL DIE BEFORE I LEARN HOW TO PRODUCE SOMETHING THAT IS IMPORTANT TO SOMEBODY. I CAN'T EVEN TAKE THE EASY WAY OUT BECAUSE I REFUSE TO HAVE CHILDREN.

(NOTE: I AM NOT TAKING A STAB AT MY MOM IN THE PRECEDING PARAGRAPH. I COULDN'T ASK FOR A BETTER MOTHER, BUT WHEN I STAY AT HER HOUSE I FEEL INTENSE GUILT, ANXIETY, AND ENTROPY THAT CAUSES STUFF LIKE HEART-BURN IN ME).

I HAVE THIS PLAN TO WRITE DOWN EVERYTHING I THINK. THAT WAY AT LEAST SOME OF WHAT COMES OUT HAS TO BE GOOD. BUT IT SEEMS LIKE SUCH A HASSLE. SO MUCH TIME SPENT SCRIBBLING. OH, WELL, I'LL PUT IT OFF UNTIL TOMORROW.

- NOTEBOOK EXCERPT MID-MAY 1999

Plantation

I WENT TO THIS SUMMER CAMP FOR SEVERAL YEARS WHEN I WAS YOUNGER. ONE SUMMER A ROCK ABOUT THE SIZE OF A BOWLING BALL FELL ON MY KNEE. I HAD

Hygiene

I ONCE SAID I WANTED A JUNKIE GIRLFRIEND BECAUSE SHE WOULDN'T MIND HOW LITTLE I BRUSH MY TEETH AND CHANGE MY CLOTHES. LOOKING BACK ON THAT AND OTHER THINGS I'VE SAID, I REALIZE I OFTEN HAVE DUMB IDEAS JUST FOR THE SAKE OF BEING ABLE TO SPEAK THEM AND HEAR OTHER PEOPLE REACT. I LIKE THE ENSUING DISCUSSIONS; PEOPLE TELLING ME HOW DUMB WHAT I SAID WAS OR LAUGHING WITH ME. SOMETIMES IT SEEMS THERE'S NOTHING BETTER THAN GOOD PEOPLE TALKING ABOUT DUMB SHIT. OR AT LEAST IT'S A LOT BETTER THAN THE OTHER WAY AROUND.

IT WAS FUNNY HOW WHEN I LEAST WANTED TO BE HOME, THE DOOR WAS ALWAYS UNLOCKED AND I DIDN'T EVEN NEED MY KEY. THE SAME WAY IT WAS FUNNY THAT WHEN I GOT HOME AT 3AM, NOT HAVING SEEN MY BED IN 8 DAYS, FULL OF DESPERATION AND ALCOHOL, THE BOTTOM LOCK WAS LOCKED. ONLY ONE OF MY SIX ROOMMATES HAS THE KEY TO THAT LOCK. FUNNY THAT - DRUNK, TIRED, BROKEN-HEARTED, AND BROKEN-MINDED - I HAD TO HOP THREE FENCES, RUN QUIETLY ACROSS A ROOF, THROUGH SOMEONE ELSE'S YARD.

AND UP THE BACK STAIRS, PUSHING THROUGH THE BACK DOOR ONLY TO FIND DOG CRAP IN THE KITCHEN (RIGHT NEXT TO MY ROOM). I MEAN

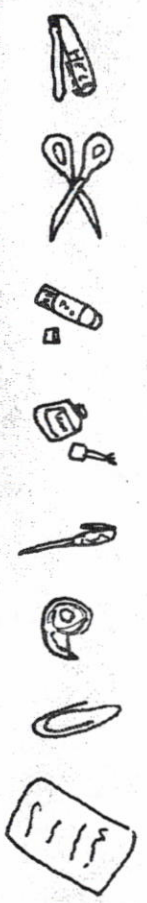
IT'S FUNNY NOW, BECAUSE I AM CONVINCED THAT THIS IS WHAT LIFE IS LIKE, AND IT'S FUN AND CRAZY, EVEN 'PUNK'. IT WASN'T FUNNY WHEN I

STEPPED IN THE DOG POO.

I DON'T KNOW HOW I DID IT, BUT I

CONVINCED MY CRUSH, ARIANA, TO GO WALKING ALL OVER THE COLLEGE CAMPUS NEXT TO OUR HIGH SCHOOL INSTEAD OF GETTING LUNCH. I JUST WANTED TO BE ALONE WITH HER, AND I GOT THAT. I GOT SOMETHING ELSE TOO, THOUGH.

WHILE WE WERE EXPLORING I FOUND THIS DESERTED LITTLE CONCRETE BALCONY ALL THE WAY AT THE TOP OF SOME FORGOTTEN STAIRS. I DECIDED THEN THAT AS SOON AS I COULD BUY A WATCH I WOULD COME UP THERE EVERY LUNCH, ALONE, AND JUST THINK AND MEDITATE (YOU SEE I WAS DETERMINED TO BE A BETTER PERSON, SOMEHOW. AT THIS JUNCTURE IN MY LIFE SITTING



Now he might move back next month. I hope so—I miss the bitch.

EPILOGUE: By the way. Unless you couldn't tell by the story, my review of Jack is this: He is a stubborn, anal, neurotic, emotionally masochistic, pissed-off malcontent. He's real good at pointing out your flaws cuz they're his too. He drinks a lot even though his tolerance is low, thus making him a belligerent drunk. He does dumb things just because, then "thinks" good plans to death. I love him; see myself a bunch in things he does, wouldn't like him if I just met him, and I can't wait for him to come back. I'm glad he didn't become a yuppie (just came close) and consider him a best friend. AND he likes the SPICE GIRLS, which gives him 10 points in my book.

THE END.

[I'd like to add that Jack seriously likes Milli Vanilli.-ed.]

Reprinted with permission of 100% Anti-Dogma (my brother's zine). All editors comments are his. Real big my, damn it.

DESIGN

Roots of evil spread in dream world

LAST NIGHT I dreamed that the roots of the trees lining my street were forcing their way up through pavement. Wet, jet black and oozy they way which resembled up in the



lunch time since our schools were close, and walk away stumbling. I wouldn't say we were as close as we had been, but at least we were hanging out again. We grew. He got a mowhawk cuz mine looked cool. I did acid because of his stories, he did speed cuz of mine. The only punk band we agreed on was the Clash. By the end of High School we both screwed our brains up with a combination of drugs and (really, really) fucked up girls. We started hanging out a little more, but we were both involved in other things. He went to SF State University and I went to underground punk shows [Great college!-ed.]. He quit SF State as soon as I enrolled. I had my own place. I quit school. He moved in. It was nuts. I was a mess and he was an anal clean-freak. We had wild parties where he would cause much of the mess by buying way too much alcohol. I quit my job and lived off my last two paychecks for a month and a half. We both wanted out of SF for a while. We decided we'd train hop across the country. A plan was set. ME 'n' JACK were closer than ever. Then other people were coming too. Jack's commitment faltered. I had to convince him to go. In the end he didn't, but instead moved back in with his mom. That sucked. This had been our plan. I left, but was back 3 months later. (I was supposed to leave in 10 more days, but I'm still here [7 months later].) Then Jack told me (then night before he left) he was moving away. I went over to spend some time with him. I was kinda pissed. That was just like him, telling everyone he was leaving right before he did it so that they could complain after he left. Like being at your own funeral. He ended up in Colorado Springs. He doesn't seem to like it there and tends to drink a lot (by himself) while he watches his roommate's big screen tell. He was supposed to come back to visit, but it didn't work out.



ALONE DURING LUNCH WAS THE BEST I
COULD THINK OF). ARIANA AND I
WALKED BACK TO SCHOOL, WE WERE LATE
TO CLASS. I WAS SMILING. I FOUND OUT
A COUPLE YEARS LATER THAT ARIANA
HAD LIKED ME FOR A WHILE TOO. I
DON'T THINK I WAS EVER REAL CLOSE
WITH HER AFTER THAT YEAR, AND I
KEPT FORGETTING TO BUY THAT WATCH.

Axiom #1

I NEED TO WRITE MORE AND TALK LESS.
I THINK THAT SELLING RECORDS IS THE
WORST THING I'VE EVER DONE. EVEN
WORSE THAN NOT BEING CAREFUL AND
GETTING MY GIRLFRIEND PREGNANT. AT
LEAST THAT MADE ME GROW UP A
LITTLE AND I CAN WRITE ABOUT IT. NO
ONE WANTS TO READ ABOUT ME SELLING A
MUMMIES LP SO I COULD GET A LOAF OF
BREAD AND A SODA.

BREAD AND A SODA.
GETTING FIRED FROM MY JOB FOR
BEING TOO SMELLY, AND HAVING TO LEAVE
MY HOUSE BECAUSE I DIDN'T HAVE A JOB
STARTED OUT REALLY SAD. SOON, THOUGH,
IT WAS REALLY LIBERATING. MORE THAN

Jack Lemming

Well, it always seems like the people who do zines feel compelled to REVIEW things. Be it records, other zines, movie corner stores, clown shoes, etc. there are always sections of opinions on shit other people produced. So I thought "well, what the fuck, why not just review the actual people?" The problem is I only know a small cross-section of the art producing community, and often not well enough to review someone. So I'm just going to review people I know well. All names have been changed (ever-so-slightly) so I don't get punched in the face (I probably will anyway).

JACK LEMMING: I've known Jack since I skipped second grade. He was one of the only people who would talk to me at first, and we became fast friends. He introduced me to all the cool things when I was young-Dungeons & Dragons, Weird Al Yankovic, Paranoia, Dr. Demento, and pretending to have sex with your friends to freak out the Chinese neighbor who always peeked in his sister's window. We were both always the "weird" kids and wanted to go to the same middle school (the smart kids "alternative" school that we were

recommended to attend by the school district—the only two in our class!), but our respective parents wouldn't have it. He went to a school where he learned to get in fights, while I went to a school where I learned to break into computer systems. Eventually he transferred to the "smart school" and I stayed in my school. He went to the most prestigious (public) high school: Lowell, while I went to the one with the biggest reputation for drug infestation: School of the Arts [Great School-ed.]. Jack was still cooler and smarter than me, he discovered dying his hair and cutting class while I was still reading and being the class clown. In 10th grade I started listening to punk + ska and he was listening to AC/DC and reggae. We smoked lots [LOTS-ED.] of pot and would meet at

THE OTHER TIMES I'VE BEEN FIRED, I STARTED TO FEEL THOREAU-IAN. I WAS LIVING THE SIMPLE LIFE. I COULD REALLY APPRECIATE A SIMPLE THING LIKE STEALING FRUIT AND DRINKING BITTER COFFEE. THESE THINGS WERE ACCOMPLISHMENTS ON PAR WITH WRITING A SONG OR A STORY. I COULD WAKE UP AND GO TO THE BEACH. I HAD MY OWN SOCIETY. ONE MORNING TYING MY SHOES BECAME ONE OF THOSE SIMPLE/AMAZING ACCOMPLISHMENTS. I JUST THOUGHT ABOUT HOW IT'S SOMETHING YOU DO AT LEAST A COUPLE TIMES A DAY, FOR YOUR WHOLE LIFE, AND YET NO ONE IS PERFECT AT IT. THAT SHOULD HAVE MADE ME SAD, BECAUSE IT MEANS I'LL NEVER BE PERFECT AT ANYTHING, BUT INSTEAD IT MADE ME QUITE HAPPY. I DON'T KNOW WHY.

~~ALMOST EVERY DAY I HAVE THESE THOUGHTS ABOUT HOW I WANT TO DO SO MANY THINGS. I WANT TO WRITE A WONDERFUL NOVEL, BUT I FEEL LIKE A HACK. EVEN TAKING A LONG HOT BATH~~

DOESN'T HELP.

~~DOESN'T HELP.~~ (←tapes)

I WAS going to wait until evening, but I couldn't think of anything to do until then so I got drunk at noon.



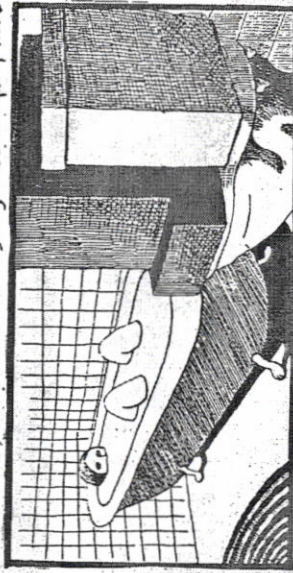
I WAS feeling kind of sluggish so I went down to Polk street and bought some crank, then went to the park to scare little children



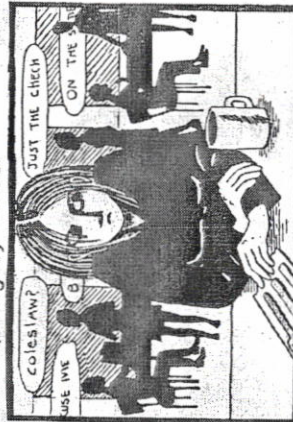
I WENT back to Polk street to buy more crank, but they had none left so I got a crackrock. Then I went to the bridge over the freeway to feel the wind in my hair. I was going to jump, but I chickened out.



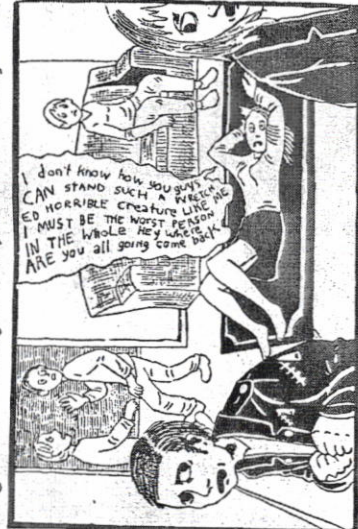
THAT GOT boring so I went to 16th street and got some heroin, and pulled the tv and vr into the bathroom and watched movies all day from the tub. I was thinking that I would sink blissfully into oblivion but I just got water up my nose.



ALL THAT running wore me out so I went to get a cup of coffee. I was convinced that everyone in the cafe was talking about me in a complex secret language derived from common, everyday words.



I WENT back to buy more crack, but they were all out so I tried this mixture of typewriter ink and model airplane glue designed by a sociopathic alchemist in prison. When I got home there were all these people over so I proceeded to talk about morbid things until I managed to frighten them all away



by gabrielle bell

James Dean

YOU COULD SAY I TRY PRETTY HARD TO LIVE FAST, BUT I'M NO GOOD AT IT. I SMOKE NON-FILTERS, BUT BUM OUT SO MANY OF THEM, I DRINK SO MUCH, BUT EVERYONE'S STILL MORE DRUNK AND MORE CRAZY. I TRY TO DO DRUGS, BUT ALL THE ONES I STILL ENJOY ARE TOO COSTLY. I'VE JUMPED OFF CLIFFS BEFORE, BUT WALKED AWAY WITHOUT ANY BROKEN BONES. I EVEN TRIED TO GET MARRIED THIS SUMMER-TWICE.

Walking

I USED TO HATE THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE. ANYTHING TOURISTS ENJOY AND FLOCK TO HAS TO BE A BLACK SPOT ON AN OTHERWISE GOOD CITY. NOW I GET STUCK IN MILL VALLEY A LOT, AND HAVE TO WALK BACK TO SAN FRANCISCO ALL THE TIME. IT'S GOOD. I THINK A LOT ABOUT NOTHING, AND ALL THE TOURISTS STARE IN BEWILDERMENT AT ME WALKING THE "WRONG" DIRECTION. CARRYING MY EXTRA BOOTS OR MY DUCT-TAPED MESSENGER BAG. RED, BARRETTED HAIR ACTUALLY BLOWING IN THE WIND. LAST TIME I EVEN WROTE A STORY THAT I LIKED. I'LL STOP DOING IT AS SOON AS I START TAKING PICTURES, THOUGH.

5/8/79

Pablo,

A good part of the reason I'm writing and not calling is that our long distance phone service is cut off while we pay the bill off. I should say "while my roommate pays the bill off." She's even poorer than me (living on disability) and perhaps even a little more with money. She eats or orders food out sometimes, which I understand, since she has a hard time working around cooking and grocery shopping on Detroit for her. She's leaning a truck. Again, a big money drain, but a necessity for someone with cognitive hand failure, deafity, and asthma. Her insurance won't pay for some of her medicines, so she's having to pay for them by paying things. I guess we're always had poor people, but I agree with my father that the U.S. is becoming a third world country. The wealth gap is growing.

Anyhow, I was really shocked to hear about your new found residence. I remember a few years ago when I was struggling with the question of why I did anything. Nothing really matters. And it doesn't. But I figured out that people ~~to~~ to whom something does matter have a reason to live, and therefore, less existential angst. One reason as good as another, so I chose another. Actually, I chose something that I figured I could care about more easily than who wins the Super Bowl. The survival of my species.

I suppose that's something like piecing the puzzle as your football team. A long shot, at least. It took the war in Korea and the Russian nuclear threat to bring me to terms with the fact that we will all very likely die, probably pretty soon. Or we may experience a series of wars and a two or three generation retreat to the stone age. A few years ago, I would have approved of people living in the stone age. But for a lot of reasons, I don't anymore. We're been there, done that, and it's time for us to do something else.

I do believe that there's something that's happening inside of some people, the inspiration for a new age of peace and cooperation, ~~and~~ a question leap in social organization to a society that's much more efficient and takes care of its people. A society of, by, and for the people. It's been in the lyrics of Solomun, it's in the music since the eighties, it's in Octavia E. Butler's writing. (Read "Parable of the Sower" if you get a chance - awesome book.) It's in "The Turning Point" by Friedrich Schlegel. I think it's even in the writings of Jesus, Marx and the Buddha too. (I couldn't find any hints by John of our library, so the holy individuality must remain incomplete.) So I think we've got a fighting chance.

Anyhow, we've probably talked about all this before, but writing helps to clear my head. I don't mind being overzealous or obsessive, I just wish I could figure out a way to make a difference. I

the meantime, I gather what I can, for the end like around. On the home front, there's good kids and bad news. Good news: lights for my bike = grocery shopping at night! Bad news: Saturday night, and I'm afraid ~~that~~ I won't be able to get rid of you while I'm living in this house. I think I keep pining for you with my roommate through the cats or the toilet seats or something! Seriously.

In other news, Trinity got into a car accident. Bad one. Sounds like something happened to the nurses in her spine - Sucks. Some lady at work (Shut-up dick from Hecx) is thinking of filing a formal complaint against one of us in the house. Probably me or Dennis. She sits at the breakroom table (you can smoke in the office break room) and smokers and then complains to my supervisor about my holding. My feeling is that I'll be considerate enough to still be my lumps when they're considerate enough to smoke outside so I don't have to work constantly surrounded by cigarette smoke. But I want to keep my job so I keep my mouth shut.

This lady, walks right in front of me when I'm standing in line to punch my time card and punches my first. This lady tells Brad, "ew, I could never eat Ramen noodles." This lady tells me "Oh, I could never ride the bus." And she complains that Dennis bothered her when everyone else he could have brought his questions to were out of town. He had to talk to someone. Fucking convenient bitch.

Anyhow, so now you've gotten a load of my drama. Take care, have fun, tell Kate I said hi, and I'll see you all soon.



(the second letter I got from "Jack" after he moved to Colorado Springs. The first one was a lot funnier, but I couldn't find it.)

~~~~~  
Things I realized about myself from reading "Dishwasher"

- \* Quitting a job is one of the best feelings you can ever experience. Sometimes I think that's the only reason I start working in the first place.
- \* I get a huge appetite when around free food.
- \* I'm always early. Why?
- \* Broke + unemployed = happy
- \* I'd much rather work shit wage washing dishes than in an office with people I wish death on daily.
- \* job + rent + insurance = crap
- \* "Eat my cheese, sailor boy." (-Dishwasher, I think).